

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## Carlisle Castle, Prison of Mary Queen of Scots.



CARLISLE CASTLE stands at the north-west angle of the city of that name in Cumberland. It consists of an outward and inner ward; the walls of the former are nine feet in thickness, and those of the inner ward above twelve. Within this ward is the great tower dungeon, or citadel of the castle; this is of a square form, and very lofty, with walls of great thickness, and constructed according to the modes of defence employed before the invention of cannon. It has since been strengthened according to the modern system of fortification, and defended by a half-moon battery, and a very large platform mounted with cannon, under cover of the outward wall. The upper part is embrasured, and commands a very beautiful prospect.

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Carlisle Castle is kept in good repair, and contains, among other buildings, a new magazine for gunpowder, and an excellent modern armory, which has in general 10,000 stand of arms. A strong ancient keep remains, with a well of great depth, supposed to be the work of the Romans. The castle is said to have been built in the seventh century by Egfrid, king of Northumberland, and the walls are ascribed to William Rufus. The outward wall of the castle contains the Governor's house, and in one of the gates of the castle the old portcullis is still standing.

In 1568, the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned in Carlisle Castle for some time; the rooms in which she was confined are still shown.

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Carlisle, on account of its being on the Scottish frontier, was often the scene of border warfare, and was twice taken by the Scots, and afterwards accidentally burned in the reign of Richard II. The fortress was also taken by the Pretender's forces on the 15th of November, 1745, but afterwards retaken by the Duke of Cumberland on the 10th of December following.

### HINTS ON EDUCATION AND HABIT.

"We ought to teach children that which will be most useful to them when they become men."

AGASSIAUS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—We justly regard youth as the hope of future ages, and as the depositaries of the wisdom and virtue of posterity. With equal truth it may be said they are the terror of future ages, and the progenitors of ignorance and vice. One or the other description is true of all; and will be realized in ages to come, according to the moral culture which the rising generation now receives.

The present surpasses all previous ages in benevolent exertion to improve the condition of man. Education and a free press are conspicuous and efficient engines employed in this noble work; and we rejoice to witness what is effected, and pray for improved operations, for additional agents, judicious and active, and for a widely extended and lasting effect.

The ability to read is a blessing conferred upon almost the whole of the British youth, for which the mass are mainly indebted to Sunday schools. As a natural and pleasing result we see a taste for literary pursuits, evinced in combined and individual endeavours to gain wisdom and accumulate knowledge. For the lower classes, this forms a new employment, and produces pleasures before unknown to them; and it sorts well with the increased comforts, conveniences and elegancies, both civil and domestic, which the English especially enjoy.

The eagerness of newly awakened curiosity, accompanied with inexperience, often leads to fatal error and irremediable injury. So the thirst for knowledge, now so prevalent, should be well directed, or it may in its tendencies prove hurtful.

Reading, without the habitual exercise of thought, judgment, and recollection, is a puerile and evidently a profitless employment.

The science of letters has its allurements, and its use; but all know that it is valuable only as a medium of acqui-

sition and communication. How misapplied then is that time, and how wasted are those energies which are devoted solely to mere words!

Some speculative sciences too are very attractive, but when these form the principal study to what purpose do we live? Let it not be supposed that I deprecate science because I plead against its separation from art. Practice is the legitimate end of all knowledge, which, however vaunted for its "power," is, I conceive, but perfect weakness without practical application.

Numerous are the instructors, in our happy day and favoured land, which are laboriously yet honourably occupied in cultivating the intellectual province, and scattering the seeds of intelligence and virtue for subsequent generations; nor are the parents few whose efforts are assiduously directed to the formation of the habits and characters of their children. Such tutors and parents need not my dictation, yet they will doubtless approve of my attempts to excite in others a laudable emulation of their own patriotic and paternal exertions.

But, Sir, I like short sections in didactic pieces, especially when not very interesting in their matter or style; and it would be inconsistent were I to be too verbose, except indeed I were writing a memoir; for I do confess my dislike of short indiscriminate narratives, such as tell us little or nothing that distinguishes the individual from hundreds besides. Boswell's Life of Johnson is to my taste, but it is not fit that my taste and opinion should be made the measure of others; so I drop this digression, purposing, if you judge me worthy of only the lowest rank amongst your contributors, to resume my remarks at convenience.

Your's, &c.

SCRIPTOR.

### KEEPING CHRISTMAS IN THE INNS OF COURT.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—The following amusing particulars "touching the keeping of grand Christmases" by the lawyers, at the Inner Temple Hall, in the "good old times," extracted by William Dugdale, the historian, "out of the accounts of the house," is (as it may not prove uninteresting to many of your readers) presented for insertion in the MIRROR, from *Dugdale's Origines Juridicæ*, by

Your Constant Reader,

C. P.

"SERVICE in the church being ended, the gentlemen repair into the hall to breakfast, with brawn, mustard, and malmsey. At dinner, the butler appointed for the *grand Christmas* is to see the tables covered and furnished; and the ordinary butlers of the house are decently to set bread, napkins, and trenchers, in good form at every table, with spoons and knives. At the first course is served in a fair and large boar's head,\* upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy. Two gentlemen in gowns are to attend at supper, and to bear fair torches of wax, next before the musicians and trumpeters, and stand above the fire with the music, till the first course be served in through the hall; which performed, they with the music are to return into the buttery. The like course is to be observed in all things during the time of Christmas. The like at supper. At service-time this evening, the two youngest butlers are to bear two torches in the *genealogia*. A repast at dinner is 12*d.* which strangers of worth are permitted to take in the hall; to be placed at the discretion of the Marshall. Young gentlemen of the house are to attend and serve till the latter dinner, and then dine themselves. After the first course served in, the Constable Marshall cometh into the hall, arrayed with a fair, rich, complete harneys, white and bright, with a nest of fethers of all colors upon his crest or helm, and a gilt poleaxe in his hand; to whom is associate the Lieutenant of the Tower, armed with a fair white armour, a nest of fethers in his helm, and a like poleaxe in his hand; and with them sixteen trumpeters, four drums and fifes going in rank before them; and with them attendeth four men in white harneys from the middle upwards, and halberds in their hands, bearing on their shoulders the Tower: (!) which persons, with the drums, trumpets, and music, go three times about the fire. Then the Constable Marshall, after two or three curtsies made, kneeleth down before the Lord Chancellor, behind him the Lieutenant, and they kneeling, the Constable Marshall pronounces an oration of a quarter of an hour's length, thereby declaring the purpose of his coming, and that his purpose is to be admitted into his Lordship's service.

"The Lord Chancellor saith, '*He will take further advice therein.*'† Then the Constable Marshall, standing up in submissive manner, delivereth his naked sword to the Steward, who giveth it to the Lord Chancellor; and thereupon the

\* For an "Account of the Boar's head at Christmas," see MIRROR, No. CLXXVII. p. 10.

† Does not this almost approach the antirical?

Lord Chancellor willeth the Marshall to place the Constable Marshall in his seat, and so he doth with the Lieutenant also in his seat or place. During this ceremony the Tower is placed beneath the fire. Then cometh in the master of the game, apparelled in green velvet, and the ranger of the forest also, in a green suit of satin, bearing in his hand a green bow, and divers arrows, with either of them a hunting horn about their necks, blowing together three blasts of ventry (i. e. hunting), they pace round the fire three times. Then the master of the game maketh three curtsies as aforesaid, and kneeleth down before the Lord Chancellor, declaring the cause of his coming, and desireth to be admitted into his service, &c. All this time the ranger of the forest standeth directly behind him. Then the master of the game standeth up.

"This ceremony also performed, a huntsman cometh into the hall, with a fox, and a purse net with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff, and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting horns; and the fox and cat are by the hounds set upon, and killed beneath the fire. This *sport* (!) finished, the marshall placeth them (i. e. the lawyers, &c.) in their several appointed places."

## THE SEASONS.

(For the Mirror.)

WHAT is more interesting to the lover of nature than the diversity occasioned by the seasons? He delights amid the vernal beauties of spring, and appreciates with a feeling, (unknown to some,) the enjoyments which it affords him. He joins with the song of the lark as it welcomes Aurora in the eastern sky, and repeats the praises of him who swells the notes of this vocal Philomela. He watches the trees as they begin to display their foliage, and with pleasure observes the progress of the hedge-row. The modest daisy opens her bosom to the genial rays of the sun, and the light breeze wafts around the fragrance of the primrose. The violet, which, like some lonely maiden banished from her home, was an exile under the iron reign of winter, is now recalled; for the wintry blast is over and gone, and the violet is seen to peep from the valley. Man, too, has his spring, and like it, too, is covered with youthful exuberance. The lover of nature beholds the approach of summer, and discovers in her train fresh beauties; it is now he sees the plants matured; that same bud which he beheld in infancy, is now expanded and arrived at perfection. The embryo flower, which promised to

reward his care, now by its beauty rewards his fondest solicitude. The rose blossoms with perennial grace in his garden, and the jessamine overshadows his parlour window. The summer evening walk, how beautiful ! he forgets then, for a moment, "the busy hum of men," and wanders amid the cool recesses of the grove ; or, perhaps, seated on some verdant bank, he listens to the feathered songsters chanting their farewell to the setting sun ; he hears the meandering of the stream by his side, and is lost amidst so many beauties. The distant bells call him back again to earth, and he sympathizes with the poet as he involuntarily exclaims,—

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,  
How many a tale their music tells  
Of love, and hope, and that dear time,  
When last I heard their tuneful chime.  
Those happy hours have pass'd away,  
And many a heart that then was gay  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
Nor longer hears those evening bells."

All is loveliness under the benignant reign of summer. Man, too, has his summer ; like the fruits of the earth he arrives at maturity ; like them his beauties are unfolded, and he stands the object of universal admiration : but the prouder beauties of the summer months give way to the deep tints of autumn. The voice of the reaper is heard in the glen, and the noise of the sickle in the valley. The harvest plain proclaims the goodness of the deity, and shows that he is not unmindful of the wants of his creatures. The winged emigrants finding no longer a home they once enjoyed, retreat to warmer and more congenial climes ; they soar above the Atlantic wave, and wing their way over the vast profound. Instinct is their only pilot ; he guides their way, points to the friendly beacon, and at length brings them to their desired haven. Thus often the soul seeks for brighter skies beyond the flood, and leaving the chilly confines of this wintry region, flies to a warmer and a better country. The leaves begin now to forsake the trees, and the wind whistles through the branches. Man, too, has his autumn ; he arrives at the evening of his existence. Those beauties by which he was once adorned, wither and die ; the cold winds of disease gather around him and tear from his bosom its last solace. His joys and delights emigrate to another country, wing their way over the sea of Time, and take possession of a more benignant region. Winter, though not so attractive, is not devoid of beauties. When late and slowly the morning opens her pale eye, in what a gorgeous disguise is nature dressed. The

icicles, jagged and uneven, hang pendant from the eaves, and a whitish film encrusts the windows, where mimic landscapes rise, and fancied figures swell. The fluid paths become a solid road ; and where the finny shoals were wont to rise, the sportive youths alide, or with rapid motion skate along the crystal pavement. The trees, which but yesterday were covered with a lovely foliage, now are naked and exposed. The flowers which once were adorned with blossoms, now hang down their defenceless heads and weep under the austere sceptre of winter. Man, too, has his winter ; all his prospective is gloomy and forlorn, till at length he breaks the barriers of his prison, and leaves the desert confines of earth. Ah ! how like the stately poplar *to-day* is man rising majestically to the heavens, *to-morrow* fallen on the ground shorn of all his beauty ! The creature of a day, the victim of the morrow !

The youthful prospect is bedecked with the verdure of spring, and the scenery of the matured mind often displays the beautiful placidity of summer ; but the advanced in years can discover the brown tints of autumn, whilst the leaves, as they fall around, proclaim themselves the harbingers of winter. The wintry sky at length is discerned, and man mingles with the clouds of the valley.

T. T.

## CONSCIENCE.

Will downy beds, or aromatic flowers,  
Sequester'd shades, or amaranthine bowers,  
Blunt the keen anguish of a troubled breast,  
When guilty thoughts the startled soul invest,  
Not all the riches of wide India's shore,  
Arabia's sweets, or Africa's golden store,  
Can heal a wounded soul, or cease the smart  
By vice inflicted on a guilty heart ;  
Nature and art their charms in vain bestow,  
'Tis innocence alone true peace can know.

J. C.

## THE LADIES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—If the following extract from the Journal of a Lady, recently returned from Newfoundland, is worthy of a place in your excellent MIRROR, you are extremely welcome to insert it.—Your's,

G. W. N.

"I WAS struck on my first arrival at this place with the curious preparations of my new female acquaintance, previous to their paying an evening visit in the vicinity of

their own neighbourhood. It may be proper to observe, that the temperature of the atmosphere of Newfoundland during the wintry season is so intensely severe, that icicles have been known to form on the eyebrows and hair of those who suffer their faces to be exposed to the night air, occasioned by the damps which continually fall during the winter. The inhabitants, especially the women, are consequently very careful in their equipments, if they are unavoidably obliged to stir abroad after sunset. My fastidiousness was put to the blush, when I first beheld the ladies preparing for a night visit. They draw on a ponderous pair of jack-boots, which reach up to their middle, admitting also the lower garments to be tucked in, and thus they are securely protected from the disagreeable weather during their walk. They have also an uncomely cloak, the hood of which is covered with seal-skin, and in which the person's head is almost entirely enclosed. In this burlesque though necessary attire, the women sally forth, preceded by a servant holding a lantern, who, if the lady's course be directed to a ball, also bears a basket, in which are deposited the ornaments and head-dress of his mistress."

### THANKSGIVING.

#### AN AMERICAN TALE.

IN one of the small interior towns of New England, where the superstition of our ancestors still possess strong hold on the minds of the people, the facts occurred a few years since on which the following tale is founded:—

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be *banked up*, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c. put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables, the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage-way, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of the cabbages, unobserved entered the cellar, and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately

closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them apparently as well pleased with going to grandpapa's as any of the happy group.

Soon after, the parent pair and their little ones, having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows by means of many curious contrivances, to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

In the afternoon of the day following the festival, which had been kept under the paternal roof with many devout and jovial exercises, the family returned home, accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbours of both sexes were invited in, and a merry Thanksgiving carousal was in the full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar with a little *two-wicked* candle, which gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half suffocated exclamation—*the Devil is in the cellar!* "Poo," said the father, "you have only been frightened by your own shadow—give me the light." On which he seized the candle leaving the candlestick clenched fast in the shaking hand of the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but ere he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the beast caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son—*"Sure enough the Devil is in the cellar!"*

The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house. The good man seized the great bible, and attempted to read, but the candle *sputtered*, burnt blue, and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to their mother—the lasses nestled to their favourite swains—and the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants.—One bright thought however occurred, a messenger was despatched for the Minister, "*to lay the Devil.*"

The Parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety, and credulity, than for talents or heroism, slipped the small bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice that he might appear as formidable to his great adversary as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen voices at once to "*drive the Devil away.*" But a few moments were lost in asking questions

which no one could answer, before the parson was pushed forward as a leader, lighted by the same penurious candle into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. When he reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire and the shadowy outline of enormous horns, magnified tenfold at least by the terrors of those that beheld them, removed all doubt, if any had previously existed in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram, not understanding the good man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary; but deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest, and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and pulled the parson with him into the cellar! While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost to hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "*Brethren, take care of yourselves, the Devil has got me!*" This exhortation was better obeyed than any that he had ever delivered from the pulpit, his friends fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first supposed the fend to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself, and pretended to sympathize with the others in their ears. He now thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch pine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel laid hold of the skirts of his coat—and the cry of "don't!" proceeded from every part of the room. Unheeding this kind concern for his safety, he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of his horns, and dragged the struggling animal up stairs, calling to the astonished parson, "follow me." The horned Devil was led in triumph, followed by the vanquished Ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued. The past scene, however, was too ludicrous to admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out of the door; the parson absented himself without cere-

mony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

O. L.

## NEW CALENDARS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I beg leave to forward a Calendar for the use of your readers, superior, in my humble opinion, to that which appeared in the MIRROR a short time since, as it exhibits at one view the whole of the days of the months, with the day of the week appertaining to each, for any given year from the commencement of the Christian era to the year 4099, and this by merely finding the Dominical Letter for the year; for which purpose there are two tables annexed—one pointing out the Dominical, or Sunday Letter, for every year previous to the alteration of the Style, and which must be used for every date prior to, or on the 2nd September, 1752; and the other for every period on or subsequent to the 3rd September, 1752, on which latter day the alteration of the Style took place by reckoning it the 14th, and thus striking eleven days out of that year. (for an explanation of which see MIRROR, Vol. V, page 324.)

To use this Calendar, find the Dominical Letter for the given year by a reference to the proper table, then whatever it be, look for its situation in the Calendar, and all the respective dates under that letter are Sundays in that year; all the next succeeding column, Mondays; that following, Tuesdays, &c. &c., whilst the preceding column will be Saturdays; the next previous, Fridays, &c. &c. When there are two letters to a year, they shew it to be a leap year, and the second must be used as the Dominical, if the day sought be after February. A very simple rule to know a leap year, is to divide the given year by 4; if it divide without a remainder, then it is leap year; if any remain, it is not; but the remainder shews the number of years after the previous one. It must be carefully remembered, however, that centurial years after 1700, although coming regularly as leap years, are not reckoned as such, unless the number of the century be also divisible by 4 without remainder; thus 1800 was not, nor will 1900 be a leap year, but 2000 will; because  $4 \times 4 = 16$ , and 2 remainder, but  $4 \times 5 = 20$ . It may not be irrelevant just to observe, that the same days of the month invariably happen on the same days of the week in those months which are placed together; thus, on whatever day of the week January 1st fall, the 1st of October will be on the same day, &c.

CLAVIS.

A Table, shewing, by means of the Dominical Letter, what Day of the Week appertains to the respective dates of the Year: calculated for the present year, 1820.

A Table, shewing the Dominical Letter for every Year, from 1752 to the Year of our Lord 4099.

MINUTE OF YEARS.

A Table, shewing the Dominical Letter for every Year, from the commencement of the Christian Era to the alteration of the style, D. 1752.



A Table, shewing, by means of the Dominical Letter, what Day of the Week appertains to the respective dates of the Year: calculated for the present year, 1826.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
JANUARY 31.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
OCTOBER 31.	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31	1	2	3	4
FEBRUARY 28-29.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
MARCH 31.	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	1
NOVEMBER 30.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
APRIL 30.	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
JULY 31.	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
AUGUST 31.	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	1	2
SEPTEMBER 30.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
DECEMBER 31.	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31	1	2	3	4	5	6
MAY 31.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	1	2	3
JUNE 30.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

APPLICATION.—Required to be known what day of the week his late Majesty George III. was born, and that on which he died. Born May 24, 1738. The Dominical for 1738 was A; and May 24 is under D; therefore A, Sunday, B Monday, C Tuesday, and D Wednesday.—Died Jan. 29, 1820, Leap Year: Dominical Letter B A; the date being previous to Feb. B is used as the Dominical; and Jan. 29 is under A; therefore B being Sunday A must be Saturday.—His late Majesty, therefore, was born on a Wednesday, and died on a Saturday.

A Table, shewing the Dominical Letter for every Year, from 1753 to the Year of our Lord 4099.

YEARS LESS THAN A HUNDRED.		HUNDREDS OF YEARS.															
		1700	1800	1900	2000	2100	2200	2300	2400	2500	2600	2700	2800	2900	3000	3100	3200
1	29	57	85														
2	30	58	86														
3	31	59	87														
4	32	60	88														
5	33	61	89														
6	34	62	90														
7	35	63	91														
8	36	64	92														
9	37	65	93														
10	38	66	94														
11	39	67	95														
12	40	68	96														
13	41	69	97														
14	42	70	98														
15	43	71	99														
16	44	72															
17	45	73															
18	46	74															
19	47	75															
20	48	76															
21	49	77															
22	50	78															
23	51	79															
24	52	80															
25	53	81															
26	54	82															
27	55	83															
28	56	84															

A Table, shewing the Dominical Letter for every Year, from the commencement of the Christian Era to the alteration of the style, A.D. 1753.

YEARS LESS THAN A HUNDRED.		HUNDREDS OF YEARS.															
		100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1100	1200	1300	1400	1500	1600
1	28	56	84														
2	29	57	85														
3	30	58	86														
4	31	59	87														
5	32	60	88														
6	33	61	89														
7	34	62	90														
8	35	63	91														
9	36	64	92														
10	37	65	93														
11	38	66	94														
12	39	67	95														
13	40	68	96														
14	41	69	97														
15	42	70	98														
16	43	71	99														
17	44	72															
18	45	73															
19	46	74															
20	47	75															
21	48	76															
22	49	77															
23	50	78															
24	51	79															
25	52	80															
26	53	81															
27	54	82															
28	55	83															

## Origins and Inventions.

## No. XII.

## PANIC.

WE use the word *panic*, or *panic fear*, for a needless or ill-grounded fright. What Marshal Saxe terms *le cœur humain*, is no other than fear occasioned by surprise. It is owing to that cause that an ambush is generally so destructive: intelligence of it beforehand renders it harmless. The following curious relation speaks of the origin of the term:—"It sometimes happens with the ancient Greeks, well disciplined, and commonly brave as their armies are, that a body of troops, without any attack being made or threatened, would take upon them to disperse and fly for their lives, leaving their camps and baggage, throwing away their arms, running over hill and dale for days and nights, till their legs and their fright wore out together. As they were philosophers enough to know that there could be no act without a motive, they excused themselves on these occasions by saying, that the god Pan, a shaggy and venerable person, with goat's feet, had appeared to them, and that it consequently became them, as pious persons, to do their utmost to break their necks in a fright; hence the phrase, Panic terror.

## RIBALD.

"It was," says Verstegan, "the proper name of Rabold, a heathen king of Friesland, who, being instructed in the faith of Christ by the godly Bishop Ulfran, faithfully promised to be baptised, and appointed a time and place; where being come, and standing in the water, he asked the Bishop where all his forefathers were, that in former ages were deceased? The Bishop answered, that dying without the knowledge of the true God, &c. they were in hell. "Then," quoth Rabold, "I hold it better and more praiseworthy to go with the multitude to hell, than with you few Christians to heaven; and therefore he went out of the water unchristened, and returned both to his wonted idolatry and to his evil life, notwithstanding the good admonitions of the Bishop, and an evident miracle, which (through the power of God) the said Bishop wrought, even in his own presence. He was afterwards surprised with a sudden and unprovided death, about the yeere of our Lord 720; and his very name became so odious through his wickedness, that it grew to be a title of reproach and shame, and hath so continued ever since." From

this it is we obtain the derivation of the word "ribald."

## CECIL.

"THE true name," observes Aubrey, "is *Sitstill*, an ancient Monmouthshire family. 'Tis strange, that they should be so vain to leave off an old British name for a Roman one, which I believe, Mr. Verstegan did put into their heads, telling them that they were derived from the Roman *Cecilli*."

## ALGERNON.

DURING more than a hundred years, the Normans in England shaved their faces. W. de Percy (who accompanied Duke Robert in 1096 to Palestine), was styled on account of singularity as to this point, "William *Alsgermons*," or "William with the whiskers." From this old French name springs "Algernon," a favourite appellation in the noble family of Percy.

## FAIRS.

THE original object of fairs was to allow the arrival from all parts of the country of goods, and the sale of the same in open market; but as many have of late been suppressed, from a laudable anxiety arising from their evil consequences,\* we shall give the legal description and consequently the object of fair:—"A fair is a solemn or greater sort of market, granted to any town or city by privilege, for the more speedy and commodious providing of such things as the subject needeth." Both the English and French word for fair seems to come from *Feria*, because it is incident to a fair that persons shall be privileged from being arrested or molested in it, for any other debt than that contracted in the fair, or at least was promised to be paid there. It is observed, that fairs were first occasioned by the resort of people to the Feast of Dedication; and therefore, in most places the fairs, by old custom, was held on the same day with the wake or festival of the saint to whom the church was dedicated; and for the same reason kept in the churchyard, as even at present in some parts of the country. The court of *Pied Poudre* is incident to every fair. These courts are so called from the dusty feet of those who frequent fairs, and who go to demand summary justice. Our ancestors were particularly anxious to make fairs useful to the people, which cannot be said of the moderns, since they have degenerated, and of late years constituted a public nuisance. Fairs are not to be kept

\* We do not consider ourselves authorized in suppressing our Correspondent's opinion of fairs, but we by no means coincide in it.—Ed.



longer than the time allowed, on pain of being seized into the King's hands. No merchant is to sell goods or merchandize in a fair after it is ended, under the penalty of forfeiting double the value of the goods so sold. One-fourth goes to the prosecutor, and the rest to the King.—5 Ed. III. cap. 13. The citizens of London could not carry their goods to any fair or market out of London, before the 3rd Henry VII. cap 9; but by that statute, they can take their merchandize to any market or fair in England.

#### TOBACCO AND SNUFF.\*

SIR Walter Raleigh," says Aubrey, "was the first that brought tobacco into England and into fashion. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Within these thirty-five years (written about 1680), 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was then sold for its wayte in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to market, they culled out their biggest shilling to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Now the customers of it are the greatest his Majestie hath." "Tobacco," (says one modern chronologist, who places the item under the head of "Improvements, &c.") "was first discovered in St. Domingo, in 1496; afterwards by the Spaniards in Yucatan, in 1520; introduced into France by Nicot, 1560; first brought into England, 1533; prohibited to be planted here, in 1624; a tax laid on it in England, 1685; and allowed to be cultivated in Ireland, 1779." A pamphlet on the "Natural History of Tobacco," in the *Harleian Miscellany*, contains some curious particulars respecting its growth. In the reign of James I. English tobacco appears to have been very generally grown "in several gardens of Westminster and Middlesex." It was also planted in great plenty in Gloucester, Devonshire, and the other western counties; "but his Majesty sent every year a troop of horse to destroy it, lest the trade of our American plantations should be incommoded thereby." The English are said to have had their pipes of clay from the Virginians, who were styled barbarians; and the origin of manufacturing tobacco into snuff is thus given to the sister kingdom. "The

Irishmen do most commonly powder their tobacco, and snuff it up their nostrils." The Indian priests, however, discovered a still more imposing use of it, for they, according to this writer, "being always consulted about the events of war, do burn the leaves of tobacco, and sucking into their mouths the smoke by a reed or pipe, do presently fall into a trance or ecstacy, and as soon as they ever come out of it, they discover to the Indians all the secret negotiations which they have had with the great demon, always delivering some ambiguous answer." Notwithstanding all these fascinating properties of tobacco, it appears to have been much discouraged by many sovereigns. The Great Duke of Muscovy seriously threatened all merchants who dared to import it into his territories. Scach Abas, the Great Sophi of Persia, leading an army against the Cham of Tartary, issued a proclamation, that if any was found in custody of any soldier, he should be burnt alive together with his tobacco.

F. R. Y.

#### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

##### THE GREEK THEATRE.

IN sketching my conception of the Greek theatre, I shall begin with its highest ground, or that which was farthest from the stage. The entire outline of the building, as it lay on the hollow of a hill, and on a portion of the plain ground below, must have been that of a semicircle with its arch upwards, joined to a pretty broad parallelogram at its basis. Between the apex of the semicircle and the rocks of the Acropolis above it, it is scarcely conceivable but that some communication was opened; yet it must have been very narrow, in order to prevent the escape of sound from below. The main entrances to the theatre were at the opposite ends of the parallelogram below the spectators' semicircle, or at the right and left extremities of the Dromos, or course, which ran in front of the stage and its flanking walls. The spectators' or upper part of the theatre was enclosed by a massive semicircular wall, and a portico within it, which served as a station for the servants attending their masters to the play, and also as another lounging-place for the spectators, independent of the garden portico behind the stage-buildings, which has been already mentioned. Inside of that wall and portico the benches descended (for we suppose ourselves looking down upon the stage) in concentric semicircles, which diminished as they ap-

\* Tobacco is a native of the East and West Indies, and particularly the island Tobago, or Tobago, from whence *tobacco*, or *tobacco*, takes its name. It is also cultivated in the Levant, the coasts of Greece and the Archipelago, the island of Malta, and in Italy.

proached and embraced the protruding crescent of the orchestra. The curvature of the seat-rows thus inclined the faces of all the spectators towards the centre of the building, so that the terminating seats on the right and left were duly opposite to each other, like those of our boxes nearest the stage. The entire amphitheatre of seats was divided into belts or stripes by passages sweeping round them in profile, and again into wedge-like masses by flights of steps that radiated upwards from the lowest to the highest benches. Twelve feet lower than the lowest benches, yet still projecting into their convexity, came the crescent of the flat orchestra, which was never occupied by any spectators. In the middle of the base-line of that orchestral crescent was the *Thymele*, a slight square elevation with steps, and a platform, which was the rallying point of the chorus. Around this thymele the dances of the chorus described a small circle, the one half of which was within the orchestral crescent towards the spectators, the other behind the thymele, and stretching nearly to the front stage. A part of the orchestra-ground, therefore, entered into the *Dromos*. After enclosing the spectators and the interior orchestral crescent in one vast semicircle, the walls of the theatre ceased to describe a curve, and ran on straight to join the right and left extremities of the *Paraenkenia*, or flanking buildings of the stage; of course they thus formed the two ends of the *Dromos*, and the continuity of their masonry was interrupted only by the two grand and opposite entrances to the theatre. Those entrances, it is clear from *Vitruvius*, were covered above. The stage ground, with its flanks, or *Paraenkenia*, formed a line as broad as the amphitheatre of spectators; but the stage itself was a trifle narrower than the orchestra, to which it was duly opposite. The level of the stage was the same as that of the lowest benches, consequently as many feet higher than the orchestra; but the whole wall of the stage ground rose to the same height as the wall on the outside of the highest benches. To return to the stage, it was connected with the orchestra by stairs; for though the choral and stage performers had a generally distinct locality, it is evident that there was a connection in acting between the orchestra and the stage. The stage itself was twofold. One stage, called the *logeion*, projected beyond the *Paraenkenia*, and, being meant merely for declamation, was constructed of wood, the better to reverberate the voice. Behind it, there was a chasm for holding the roll of the *captain*; for that disguise, though it was

seldom used, was drawn upwards by the Greeks, and not downwards, as by us. Immediately behind the *logeion*, lay the *Proskenion*, or proper stage, which, having often heavy plastic scenery to support, was made of stone. From the building behind there were three entrances to the stage, and the rank of the characters was marked by the door from which they entered; the central and most superb one being allotted to royalty. A hall in the first floor of the stage-house contained the actors, whilst they stood ready to enter on their parts, and their dressing-rooms lay at its extremities. The back of the stage, as has been just mentioned, was not a mere wall, but a house of considerable height; and in like manner, its flanks were buildings of several stories, in the apartments of which, nearest to the stage, were kept the machines for moving its scenery. But, as the building behind was insufficient of itself to indicate the locality of the piece, there was a line of decorations in front of it, which properly constituted the scene. Those decorations were either plastic imitations of objects, chiefly in wood, or paintings on canvass and boards. The under decorations were plastic, the upper were flat pictures. The scenery, both on the sides and in the middle, was shifted by machines, which are minutely discussed by *Genelli*, but which it would be foreign to my purpose to describe. In general the Greek plays themselves show that there could not have been many changes of scene, and that the curtain was seldom necessary. But from the known fact, that the Greeks understood perspective, and from their anxiety to impress the senses, we may believe that the scenic effect of their stage was highly imposing. If *Genelli* be right, they spared not even the introduction of natural trees to adorn the landscape of *Edipus Coloneus*.

Almost every device which is known to the modern stage, was practised by the Greeks: and the dimensions, at least, of their theatres were favourable to illusion. Their *Theologeion*, or place of the conference of the gods, must have been an occasional scaffold, issuing from near the top of the stage-building, and surrounded with a picture of clouds. Infernal spirits and phantoms ascended from the *Charonic* steps at the extremity of the orchestra furthest from the stage, and beneath the lowest seats of the spectators. By our sceptical imaginations, the impressions made on a superstitious people by such representations, can be but faintly estimated; yet even a modern fancy must be torpid, that, in reading *Æschylus*, is not electrified by the ghost of *Clytemnestra*.

missing in to awaken the Eumenides; and the grandeur of terror in spectral agency was certainly never made more perfect than where that poet invokes "the slumbering Furies and the sleepless dead."

The audience themselves must have formed no unimposing appearance. Of the places for myriads, the foremost belonged to the archons, the senate, the generals, and the high-priesthood of the state. Strangers were admitted during one of the festivals, and had their allotted seats. The knights had their station apart; and all the free citizens arranged themselves according to their tribes. The place for the youth was called the Ephobikon; and the women had distinct seats, though opinion, more than law, seems to have kept the more respectable class from the theatre.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### FAUNTLEROY'S CONDEMNED SERMON.

LATE on Saturday evening, November 27, 1824, I received the following card of admission:—"To Mr. Wontner: Please to admit Mr. —, to the chapel of Newgate on Sunday morning, November 28th, 1824, John Key, Sheriff."—To what a scene of misery and anguish was this laconic note a passport:—Two lines would enable me to look on a fellow-creature suddenly struck out of the bright pale of human society, and withering beneath the frown of inexorable justice! After an evening passed in vexatious irresolution, I resolved to avail myself of the sheriff's kindness, and go to hear the sermon.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning of as dreary and disconsolate a day as ever gloomy November inflicted on London, when I left home. The raw and chilling atmosphere was enshrouded in a dense amber-hued fog, through which descended an incessant drizzling rain, which drenched one to the skin imperceptibly. The sombrous line of closed shops on each side—the absence of the noise and bustle of carriages and waggon—squalid, ill-looking fellows loitering round the porches of the low public-houses—slatternly maid-servants lazily mopping their street steps—here and there a poor dripping varlet of a news-boy, sneaking along with a doleful whistle—occasional groups of solemn severe-visaged people, apparently trudging to their various conventicles—all combined to present an aspect of gloomy, cheerless desolation, and to depress a morbid sensibility into the deepest despondence, especially when coupled with the object of my early pe-

rambulation. When I arrived at Newgate, I was dismayed at the vast multitude thronging the felons' door. Concluding my card to be privileged with an entrance through Mr. Wontner's house, I boldly knocked at his door. My application was abruptly answered by a villanous-looking negro—"Dat I had no concern here with *this door*—no, dat I had not—and should take myself off to de oder door where all the people vas."—I almost despaired of working my way through the dense mass of respectably attired people immovably wedged in front of the door. What was now to be done? To my astonishment, every one spoke, even those on the very outskirts, as though they, too, had tickets: and I knew that the gallery in the chapel, usually allotted to strangers, would not accommodate one-twentieth part of those who appeared, equally with myself, entitled to admittance. I resolved to trust to a manoeuvre; it was successful. Calling out, *ore rotundissimo*; something pompous and magniloquent about—"speaking instantly—instantly with the sheriff"—and seconding my words with a vastly important swagger, the admiring crowd with difficulty opened a lane for me to the very door. There stood *Bishop*, the outer turnkey; and his iron visage seewled through the bars—like one of the grim heads of Cerberus, guarding the outposts of Tartarus. I affected a confidential whisper with him; but to my utter confusion,—with a great oath, he growled out, loud enough to be heard by the crowd—"that the gallery had been full half an hour ago." Aye, aye, thought I, that is always the tune. I will wait patiently; there may be room for one or two more at least. The people seeing me fold my arms, and turn round, very obligingly filed away to the right and left, for the convenience of my retrogression. But I needed to them with infinite complaisance, intimating that I was perfectly satisfied with my present situation. "Ha! —the knave!—what a trick!"—sullenly reverberated on all sides; and I began to apprehend an expulsion, *à la armée*, from the duped and angry multitude, when Governor Wontner came and whispered to the turnkey that he could admit four persons more, who might occupy the chaplain's pew in the body of the chapel. I, and three others (one gentleman and two ladies), soon stooped beneath the ponderous iron chain, securing the half-opened door, and found myself in a square and dreary chamber, whose rugged walls were gloomily decorated with rusty chains, fetters, and padlocks, and other dreadful paraphernalia of a

prison. But I was informed no time was to be lost, as the service had already commenced: and an officer conducted us through a long and very narrow passage—which did not admit of two walking a breast—by which Mr. Cotton and the sheriff's entered the chapel. The rough stone walls, on each side, were damp and dingy-hued, and seemed to have been recently whitewashed, as far as the livid and flickering glare of an occasional lamp, swung up aloft, discovered to us our situation. At length, having descended a flight of stone steps, and passed through the ordinary's robing room, we found ourselves a second time traversing a narrow winding passage, which terminated in a low non-studded door, from which our guide withdrew three bars; and then unlocking it, swung it slowly open. A current of hot, impure air rushed from the chapel, in which we could hear a Babel-like confusion, occasioned by the clamorous responses of the prisoners—"Oh, God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" I entered with awe-struck feelings into that "den of thieves;" and followed the officer through rows of ragged ruffianly fellows, who seemed longing to start up, and present a pistol to my breast—was soon, as it were, entombed in the deep dark pew of the ordinary, situated in the corner, to the right of the pulpit. After several moments due and reverent inclination of my head, I stood on the seat, and looked anxiously around me.

Fancy yourself, my dear Sir, in a lofty chamber of about fourteen yards square. On the left hand side, relatively to the position which I occupied, were the pulpit and reading-desk, hung with black—fronted by a lofty, iron-grated, rusty window, beneath which lay a plain communion table. The gallery opposite was crowded with strangers; while that directly over me, across which was drawn a long green curtain, contained the female prisoners, whose presence was indicated by their shrill but orderly responses. The left-hand side of the body of the chapel, in a line with our pew, was filled with those reprieved from death: while the right was occupied by a miscellaneous assortment of those yet untried.

In the centre—aye, there is a dreadful pew!—do you not see it, like a huge coiled sable serpent—its whole structure of black—intense—deadening black? Does not your heart ache to behold the blanched, ghastly countenance of the chief of its woe-attenuated inmates, all, with one exception, habited in the garments of mourning? Every head is sor-

rowfully inclined downwards! There is one, apart from the rest, kneeling down, his clenched hands elevated above his head, and resting on the edge of the pew. He is a middle-sized, strong-boned, dark-featured fellow; a spotted yellow handkerchief is closely folded round his head, concealing his hair and ears, and his deep, lurking, tiger eye, is fixed with a malignant glare on the countenance of the governor, sitting in a corner of the gallery. It is, in a word, the hardened villain, commonly known as *Kiddy Harris*. At the other end of the pew is a cluster of gentlemen, all in black, and in their midst is poor Fauntleroy!

He sat with his back to the window, from whose high, unwashed panes, the light streamed dusklily on a head of long, greyish, negligent hair—and an ear and side face of marble whiteness. His profile, distinctly defined against the black of the pew, was strikingly handsome and impressive; and, much as the idea has been ridiculed, bore a strong resemblance, especially in the bold outline of the forehead and nose, to the likenesses of Buonaparte. His eye-brows were corrugated with an air of intense anxiety, and a pair of elegant silver spectacles did not prevent my observing that his eye-lids were nearly the whole of the time, forcibly compressed together. His head was so much inclined that his chin rested on his breast, from which position, kneeling, sitting, or standing, it never deviated. He wore a new and genteel suit of mourning; and his snowy cravat and collar were very tastefully adjusted. He seemed too abstracted to give much attention to the service, although his alabaster hand (on whose little finger glittered an embossed ring,) continually held one leaf of a prayer-book. A glass of water and an orange stood on the black bench before him—but they remained untasted. When the minister uttered that affecting part of the Litany, "that it may please thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and afflicted," a slight convulsive quiver agitated the lips of Mr. Fauntleroy, and he put up his hand as if to adjust his spectacles, but I think with the intention of displacing a rebellious tear. The only time, during the recital of the church service, that I heard the sound of his voice was, when, in a low but fervent tone, he responded to the solemn prayer, "in all time of our tribulation—in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment"—"*Good Lord deliver me.*" Mr. Cotton pronounced the service dis-

unctly, sonorously, and deliberately; but in it, as well as his sermon, there never appeared anything approaching to the impassioned fervour which one would suppose such a scene would call forth. He would often pause, and look steadily at Fauntleroy, as if to watch the effect of his words. The prayer, "Lord have mercy," &c. interlocutory with the decalogue, was chanted by the prisoners in the most drawing, monotonous, and dismal cadence that sure ever scaffold-stave quivered from the lips of a repentant malefactor. Its dolorous chimes seemed indeed ringing the knell of poor Fauntleroy; I suspect he thought so, for he several times shook his head very sadly. The first and chief part of the ordinary's sermon consisted of a most severe recrimination of the unhappy man before him; to whom, after a long pause, he stretched forth his left hand, and, looking to the strangers' gallery, said, "Who that hears me this morning will believe that numbers of highly respected personages attended the trial, and, with tearful eyes, bore testimony to the *virtues, honour, and humanity* of the wretch before me!" I could not help thinking this bitter sarcasm to be cruel and supererogatory. At length the service terminated; but the conclusion of the benediction was rendered inaudible by the noise of persons rising, and whispers of "There he is—there he is!" of the strangers in the gallery, (the chief of whom were *ladies*), and the attempts of the prisoners in the body of the chapel to gaze on the unhappy man. He seemed to shrink within himself, bearing the rude and indecent clambering of the latter up the side of the pew, and encountering their insolent stare. Never did I witness the fair front of humanity so satirized, so degraded, as when I gazed on the ring of ruffianly-ferocious countenances which surrounded the condemned pew. I was shocked to see that each seemed to gleam with a horrid exultation—"Art thou, too, become as one of us?" seemed bursting from every tongue. At length an officer unlocked, unbolted, and unbarred the pew door. Fauntleroy trembled, and hurriedly attempted to rise, but instantly sank back into his seat. He then turned to Mr. Baker, affording me a front view of a keen and highly intellectual countenance, and said, in a feeble but distinct voice, "My dear, dear Sir, will you please to support me?—oh, I need it!" He then turned to Mr. Springett, to whom, I conjecture, he made a similar request. Then, giving a hand to each, he rose up, and walked steadily but rather quickly from the pew, through a

passage leading to the centre of the prison. There was a dead silence instantly; unbroken, except by the half-smothered sobbings of the women above me. The papers said, that on Mr. Fauntleroy's arrival at his chamber his fortitude failed him, and he burst into a flood of tears.—*European Magazine.*

## The Nobelist.

No. LXXXI.

### CHERRY, OR THE FROG-BRIDE.

THERE was once a king who had three sons. Not far from his kingdom lived an old woman, who had an only daughter, called Cherry. The king sent his sons out to see the world, that they might learn the ways of foreign lands, and get wisdom and skill in ruling the kingdom that they were one day to have for their own. But the old woman lived in peace at home with her daughter, who was called Cherry because she liked cherries better than any other kind of food, and would eat scarcely anything else. Now her poor old mother had no garden, and no money to buy cherries every day for her daughter; and at last there was no other plan left but to go to a neighbouring nunnery-garden, and beg the finest she could get of the nuns; for she dared not let her daughter go out by herself, as she was very pretty, and she feared some mischief might befall her. Cherry's taste was, however, very well known; and, as it happened that the abbess was as fond of cherries as she was, it was soon found out where all the best fruit went; and the holy mother was not a little angry at missing some of her stock, and finding whither it had gone.

The princes, while wandering on, came one day to the town where Cherry and her mother lived, and, as they passed along the street, saw the fair maiden standing at the window, combing her long and beautiful locks of hair. Then each of the three fell deeply in love with her, and began to say how much he longed to have her for his wife! Scarcely had the wish been spoken, when all drew their swords, and a dreadful battle began; the fight lasted long, and their rage grew hotter and hotter, when at last the abbess, hearing the uproar, came to the gate. Finding that her neighbour was the cause, her old spite against her broke forth at once, and in her rage she wished Cherry turned into an ugly frog, and sitting in the water under the bridge at the world's end. No sooner said than done; and poor Cherry became a frog, and vanished out of their sight. The princes had now

nothing to fight for ; so, sheathing their swords again, they shook hands as brothers, and went on towards their father's home.

The old king, meanwhile, found that he grew weak and ill fitted for the business of reigning, so he thought of giving up his kingdom ; but to whom should it be ? This was a point that his fatherly heart could not settle, for he loved all his sons alike. " My dear children," said he, " I grow old and weak, and should like to give up my kingdom ; but I cannot make up my mind which of you to choose for my heir, for I love you all three ; and besides, I should wish to give my people the cleverest and best of you for their king. However, I will give you three trials, and the one who wins the prize shall have the kingdom. The first is to seek me out one hundred ells of cloth, so fine that I can draw it through my golden ring." The sons said they would do their best, and set out on the search.

The two eldest brothers took with them many followers, and coaches and horses of all sorts, to bring home all the beautiful cloths which they should find ; but the youngest went alone by himself. They soon came to where the roads branched off into several ways ; two ran through smiling meadows, with smooth paths and shady groves, but the third looked dreary and dirty, and went over barren wastes. The two eldest chose the pleasant ways ; and the youngest took his leave, and whistled along over the dreary road. Whenever fine linen was to be seen, the two elder brothers bought it, and bought so much that their coaches and horses bent under their burthen. The youngest, on the other hand, journeyed on many a weary day, and found not a place where he could buy even one piece of cloth that was at all fine and good. His heart sunk beneath him, and every mile he grew more and more heavy and sorrowful. At last he came to a bridge over a stream, and there he sat himself down to rest and sigh over his bad luck, when an ugly-looking frog popped its head out of the water, and asked, with a voice that had not at all a harsh sound to his ears, what was the matter. The prince said, in a pet, " Silly frog ! thou canst not help me."—" Who told you so ?" said the frog ; " tell me what ails you." After awhile the prince opened the whole story, and told why his father had sent him out. " I will help you," said the frog ; so it jumped back into the stream, and soon came back, dragging a small piece of linen not bigger than one's hand, and by no means the cleanest in the world

in its look. However, there it was, and the prince was told to take it away with him. He had no great liking for such a dirty rag ; but still there was something in the frog's speech that pleased him much, and he thought to himself, " It can do no harm—it is better than nothing ;" so he picked it up, put it in his pocket, and thanked the frog, who dived down again, panting and quite tired, as it seemed, with its work. The further he went, the heavier he found, to his great joy, the pocket grow ; and so he turned himself homewards, trusting greatly in his good luck.

He reached home nearly about the same time that his brothers came up, with their horses and coaches all heavily laden. Then the old king was very glad to see his children again, and pulled the ring off his finger to try who had done the best ; but in all the stock which the two eldest had brought, there was not one piece a tenth part of which would go through the ring. At this they were greatly abashed ; for they had made a laugh of their brother, who came home, as they thought, empty-handed. But how great was their anger, when they saw him pull from his pocket a piece that, for softness, beauty, and whiteness, was a thousand times better than anything that was ever before seen ! It was so fine that it passed with ease through the ring ; indeed, two such pieces would readily have gone in together. The father embraced the lucky youth, told his servants to throw the coarse linen into the sea, and said to his children, " Now you must set about the second task which I am to set you ; bring me home a little dog, so small that it will lie in a nut-shell."

His sons were not a little frightened at such a task ; but they all longed for the crown, and made up their minds to go and try their hands ; and so, after a few days, they set out once more on their travels. At the crossways they parted as before, and the youngest chose his old dreary rugged road with all the bright hopes that his former good luck gave him. Scarcely had he sat himself down again at the bridge-foot, when his old friend the frog jumped out, sat himself beside him, and, as before, opened its big white mouth, and croaked out, " What is the matter ?" The prince had this time no doubt of the frog's power, and therefore told what he wanted. " It shall be done for you," said the frog ; and, springing into the stream, it soon brought up a hazel-nut, laid it at his feet, and told him to take it home to his father, and crack it gently, and then see what would happen. The prince went his way, very well



pleased, and the frog, tired with its task, jumped back into the water.

His brothers had reached home first, and brought with them a great many very pretty little dogs. The old king, willing to help them all he could, sent for a large walnut-shell, and tried it with every one of the little dogs; but one stuck fast with the hind-foot out, and another with the head, and a third with the fore-foot, and a fourth with its tail—in short, some one way and some another; but none were at all likely to sit easily in this new kind of kennel. When all had been tried, the youngest made his father a dutiful bow, and gave him the hazel-nut, begging him to crack it very carefully; the moment this was done, out ran a beautiful little white dog upon the king's hand, wagged its tail, fondled his new master, and soon turned about and barked at the other little beasts in the most graceful manner, to the delight of the whole court. The joy of every one was great; the old king again embraced his lucky son, told his people to drown all the other dogs in the sea, and said to his children, "Dear sons! your weightiest tasks are now over; listen to my last wish; whoever brings home the fairest lady shall be at once the heir to my crown."

The prize was so tempting, and the chance so fair to all, that none made any doubts about setting to work, each in his own way, to try and be the winner. The youngest was not in such good spirits as he was the last time; he thought to himself, "The old frog has been able to do a great deal for me; but all its power must be nothing to me now, for where should it find me a fair maiden, still less a fairer maiden than was ever seen at my father's court? The swamps where it lives have no living things in them but toads, snakes, and such vermin." Meantime he went on, and sighed as he sat down again with a heavy heart by the bridge. "Ah, frog!" said he, "this time thou canst do me no good."—"Never mind," croaked the frog; "only tell me what is the matter now." Then the prince told his old friend what trouble had now come upon him. "Go thy ways home," said the frog; "the fair maiden will follow hard after; but take care and do not laugh at whatever may happen!" Thus said, it sprang as before into the water, and was soon out of sight. The prince still sighed on, for he trusted very little this time to the frog's word; but he had not set many steps towards home before he heard a noise behind him, and, looking round, saw six large water-rats dragging along a large pumpkin like a coach, full trot. On the box sat an old fat toad as

coachman, and behind stood two little frogs as footmen, and two fine mice with stately whiskers ran before as outriders; within sat his old friend the frog, rather misshapen and unseemly, to be sure, but still with somewhat of a graceful air as it bowed to him in passing. Much too deeply wrapt in thought as to his chance of finding the fair lady whom he was seeking, to take any heed of the strange scene before him, the prince scarcely looked at it, and had still less mind to laugh. The coach passed on a little way, and soon turned a corner that hid it from his sight; but how astonished was he, on turning the corner himself, to find a handsome coach and six black horses standing there, with a coachman in gay livery, and within, the most beautiful lady he had ever seen, whom he soon knew to be the fair Cherry, for whom his heart had so long ago panted! As he came up, the servants opened the coach-door, and he was allowed to seat himself by the beautiful lady.

They soon came to his father's city; where his brothers also came with trains of fair ladies; but as soon as Cherry was seen, all the court gave her, with one voice, the crown of beauty. The delighted father embraced his son, and named him heir to his crown, and ordered all the other ladies to be thrown, like the little dogs, into the sea and drowned. Then the prince married Cherry, and lived long and happily with her, and, indeed, lives with her still—if he be not dead.

*German Popular Stories.*

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

## EPITAPHS, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the burial-place of the Doyleys, in the parish church of Hambleden, Bucks, is a handsome alabaster monument for Sir Cope Doyley (who died in 1633), and his wife Martha; beneath the figure of the knight is the following inscription:—

"Ask not of me who's buried here!

Goe ask the commons, ask the shiere;

Goe ask the church; they'll tell you who,

As well as blubber'd eyes can do.

Goe ask the heraulds, ask the poor;  
Thine eares shall hear enough to ask  
no more.

Then if thine eyes bedew this sacred urne,  
Each drop into a pearl will turn,  
T'adorn his tombe; or if thou canst  
not vent,  
Thou bring'st more marble to his mo-  
nument."

Under that of the lady is inscribed:—

"Would'st thou, reader, draw to life  
The perfect copy of a wife,  
Read on; and then from shame redeem  
That lost but honourable name.  
This was once in spirit a Jael,  
Rebecca in grace, in heart an Abigail,  
In works a Dorcas, to the church a  
Hannah,  
And to her spouse Susanna;  
Prudently simple, providently wary;  
To the world a Martha, to heaven a  
Mary." J. W. E.

In St. Peter's chapel, Quarenden, Bucks,  
is a monument to Sir Anthony Lee (who  
died about the year 1550), with this in-  
scription:—

"Anthony Lee, a knight of worthy name,  
Sire to Sir Henry Lee, of noble fame,  
Son to Sir Robert Lee, here buried lies,  
Whereas his fame and memory never  
dies;  
Greater is the fountain whence himself  
did roam,  
But greater is the greatness of his son;  
His body here, his soul in heaven doth  
rest,  
What scorn'd the earthe cannot with  
earth be prest." J. W. E.

On a magnificent altar monument in the  
same chapel, over the effigies of a knight  
in complete armour, is the following in-  
scription:—

"Fide et constantia—Vixit Deo, patriæ,  
et amicis—annos.

Fide et constantia—Christo spiritum,  
carnem sepulchro commendari.

Fide et constantia—Scio, credo, expecto  
mortuum resurrectionem."

Which may be rendered in English thus:

"In faith and constancy—He lived to  
God, to his native country, and to  
his friends—years.

In faith and constancy—I have com-  
mended my soul to Christ, and  
my body to the grave.

In faith and constancy—I know, I be-  
lieve, I expect the resurrection of  
the dead."

On a black marble tablet beneath are the  
following lines:—

"If fortune's store or native's wealth  
commende,  
They both unto his virtues praise did  
lende;

The wars abroad with honor he did  
passe;

In covertly josts his sovereign's knight  
he was;

Six princes he did serve, and in the  
frighte

And change of state, did keep himself  
vpright;

With faith vntaught, spotlesse and  
cleare his fame,

So pure, that envy could not wrong  
the same;

All but his virtue now (so vaine is  
breath)

Townd d'vst, lye here in the cold arms  
of death.

Thus fortune's gifts and gentle fa-  
vors flye,

When virtue conquers death and des-  
tine." J. W. E.

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